C-22-56

Allen Killam 221 30 10

Northern Messenger

KILLAMS MILLS NB

VOLUME XLIV. No. 38 MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 17, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Texts and Their Meaning.

Or, Words and Pictures.

'Why do thy disciples transgress the tradition of the elders? for they wash not their hands when they eat bread.'—Matt xv., 2.

'Elisha, the son of Shaphat, which poured water on the hands of Elijah.'—II. Kings iii., 11.

In the countries of the East it is still the custom when at meals to have one dish at a time placed in the centre of a low table, round

THE GUEST CHAMBER.

which the people are seated, sometimes on low stools or cushions, and sometimes on the floor. No knives and forks are used, only the fingers and thumbs. In the house of an Arab, the master says, 'Bismillah,' which means 'In the name of God.' He then says, 'Zafuddal,' or, 'Do as I do,' and dips his finger and thumb into the dish, taking out a piece of meat, when the rest follow his example. Every one has his own piece of thin bread, which he rolls up spoon-fashion, and when the meat is chopped very fine, the bread is merely dipped in.

You will remember that Boaz said to Ruth, who gleaned in his field, 'At meal-time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar.'

The Lord Jesus ate with his disciples in the same way, for at the Last Supper he said, 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me' (Matt. xxvi., 23).

When the master wishes to honor a guest, he takes a choice piece of meat out of the dish, and puts it into the person's mouth, or on his bread; or he gives him a 'sop,' that is, a piece of his own bread dipped in the dish. When St. John asked our Lord who it was that would betray him, he replied, 'He it is to whom I shall give a sop, when I have dipped it. And when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot.'

You will see from this that it is necessary for those sitting at meat to have very clean hands; and so, before the food is brought in, a servant gives each one a napkin, while another comes in with soap, a jug of water, and a bowl. The servant goes to each one of the company separately, and holds the bowl in the left hand, while with the other he pours water on their hands over the bowl, so that they wash in running water. This will explain to you the words, 'Here is Elisha, which poured water on the hands of Elijah.'

When the Lord Jesus was on earth the Jews were very particular about washing the hands before eating. It says in Mark vii., 3, 4, 'For the Pharisees, and all the Jews, except they wash their hands oft, eat not. And when they come from the market, except they wash, they eat not. And many other things there be, which they have received to hold, as the washing of cups, and pots, brasen vessels, and of tables.' This will explain to you why, at the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee, 'there were set six water-pots of stone,' holding two or three firkins, or about seven gallons and a half each. All this water was needed for the washings of the guests.

It was, of course, quite right for the people to be clean; but while they made so much fuss and show about outward things, they forgot the kind of cleanliness that God wants. You know, children, that God does not only look if our hands be washed clean in water, but if they be clean from bad actions. It says in Psalm xxiv., 'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?' That means, 'Who shall go to be with the Lord?' The answer is, 'He that hath "clean hands."' We know that that means those who try to be good, and say, as David did, 'I will wash my hands "in innocency."'—'Little Folks.'

God is Love.

The bereaved are everywhere. There are few homes without their vacant chair. How can we best comfort others? What solace is there in the gospel for breaking hearts? What is there in Christianity that will wipe away tears? There is comfort for the bereaved in the infinite and eternal love of God. In this divine love all life's 'whys' are answered. St. John puts it all in the one little sentence—'God is love.' Back of and in his power, his justice, his holiness, his truth, is love. We know that this is our Father's world. There is no 'chance' in any of its events or circumstances. Science tells us that in all occurrences in nature, even in those which seem disastrous—storms, earthquakes, tidal waves—no force, no drop of water, no particle of matter ever gets out of the clasp and control of natural law—that is, out of the hand of God. So in all the events of Providence, though we call them calamities, nothing ever happens without God's permission, and, therefore, all that happens has love in it.

Another element of comfort for the bereaved is that their friends who have gone from them have finished their work. Jesus was not caught in a snare when he was arrested in the garden. There was no inextricable dilemma in his position that night. He could have escaped but his 'hour' had come. It was now the Father's time for the closing of his life. The same is true of each one of God's children. Sometimes it is in infancy, even in earliest infancy, that the death angel comes. 'My baby lived only two hours,' a young mother wrote the other day. Yet, in its coming and its brief stay it brought bless-

Ings to its parents. It left a touch of beauty on their lives. Dr. Moule, bishop of Durham, wrote these lines 'On the death of a little boy':

'Think not because so early with our King
He rests, before his infancy's first spring,
That aught is lacking in the eternal Eye
To that dear life's full orb and rounded history.
No, in his sovereign all-foreseeing will,
Who works unerring for his people still,
Not Abraham's end, not John's late-entered bliss,
Marks a more finished pilgrimage than his.
No casual stroke removed him, or surprised
That artist who, of old his date devised.
To us all looks abrupt, a fragment, torn
Ere the first page was read; and we must mourn.
But he, great Poet of the souls he saves,
Writes now his epics, now his shorter staves,
His tender nursery songs; and these disclose
As great a skill, as full an art, as those.
That small, sweet lifetime in his hidden plan
Through morn and noon to sunset duly ran,
Short prelude, but consummate, to that day
Which knows no evening clouds and setting ray.'

The short life was not a fragment, a broken life—it was complete. However brief, it was a plan of God wrought out to the end. We must never think of death as breaking into God's plan, as snatching away any precious life before God wanted it to leave this world. Death is never stronger than God.

It ought to comfort us to know that when we are pleading with God to spare some dear life. Then if, after all our prayers, the life is taken away, it should give us measureless comfort to know that God could have kept it longer if it had been his plan for it.—Northwestern 'Christian Advocate.'

He Taketh Away.

(Mary D. Brine, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

It is so hard for us who wonder 'Why?'
To wait the answer Christ alone may give!
And yet some day, in the 'sweet by and by,'
'T will come to us if in His faith we live.

Why take from "me" while others keep their own?
Why fill with tears "my" eyes while others smile?'
Thus do we wonder as in grief we moan,
And still the answer is delayed awhile.

'Since "God is love," why has His holy will
Withdrawn the light and joy we used to know?
Why did He not bid troubled seas "be still,"
And calm within our hearts the waves of woe?'

So day and night we question, 'Why, oh, why?'
Our hearts and faith so tried, perchance so blind,
That we forget, alas! to seek reply
In God's own promise of a wisdom kind.

Ah, Christ, with David let us learn to know,
Thy judgments, Lord, "are right"; in "faithfulness"
Thou hast afflicted me.' So here below
Our trials do but bring Thee near—to bless.

Work in Labrador.

THE STORY OF HARRINGTON.

The Rev. C. C. Carpenter, whose name is so intimately connected with the earlier history of mission work at Harrington, has been lately visiting the scenes of his early work, and the following letter from him shows his enthusiasm still unimpaired. To those who remember the opening days of the Montreal mission in Labrador and Mr. Carpenter's good work there this letter will be of especial interest.

Bonne Esperance, Labrador,
August 9, 1909.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Making a sort of (belated) anniversary visit to the Labrador coast for my summer vacation, I do not forget that the good people of Montreal were the original founders and hearty supporters of the pioneer mission here, started in 1858 by the Canada Foreign Missionary Society, which John Redpath, John Dougall, Benjamin Lyman, Dr. Wilkes, Thomas M. Taylor and other well known citizens of that time were the directors. A few notes from the scene of that early mission may be of interest to your readers.

My remembrance is very vivid of the landing of the lumber for the mission house from the Quebec schooner, exactly fifty years ago this month, and of its erection by the help of the 'liveyeres' on Caribou Island. A gale of wind took off the roof in October, when too late for further work, necessitating another shipment of material in the spring of 1860, that vessel carrying also Miss Jane Brodie, of Montreal, who proved a most devoted and successful teacher for many years. The present writer remained till 1865. The Rev. S. R. Butler, of Massachusetts, had charge of the mission afterward for a long time, assisted by Miss Brodie, Miss Macfarlane, of Maine; Miss Warriner, of England; Miss Hampton, Miss Baylis and Miss Wilkes, of Montreal.

The large Caribou Island mission house was successfully used not only as a chapel for shoremen and foreign fishermen in near-by harbors, but especially as a school for the hitherto unprivileged children. Another station was opened a few miles up Eskimo River, where the scattered fishermen could live in the long winter season, nearer to wood and to their hunting-grounds, and where church and social privileges could be enjoyed from October to May. Later, the summer station was removed, a few miles westward, to Bonne Esperance. The little chapel erected there by Mr. Butler, in 1880, is still open for Sabbath services, in charge of any minister or local leader. The old mission-house at Caribou Island was sold to a fishery firm, and still stands in sight of two bays, a pathetic reminder of the quiet but real religious and educational usefulness in the long-ago time.

The mission was formally transferred to the Presbyterians at Halifax, and divinity students of Pine Hill College still come at intervals for transient service, as school-teachers or preachers.

But although the 'Montreal Mission' is now a thing of the past, its seed-sowing was by no means in vain. Fruit still remains all along the coast in individual lives, while many of the former mission scholars are useful Christian residents in other lands. A son of one of them, living in British Columbia, is a medical student in McGill University, and spending the present summer at this fishery station.

The logical successor to the 'Montreal Mission' is the work of the Western Hospital at Harrington, in charge of Dr. H. Mather Hare. I was fortunate in being able to visit that station on Dr. Grenfell's medical steamer, the 'Strathcona.' In his little motor-launch, the 'Northern Messenger,' Dr. Hare makes two summer trips along a coast line of some four hundred miles, including the vicinity formerly covered by our old mission, repeating the trips by dog-sledge in winter, visiting everywhere the sick and the needy—this, of course, in addition to those who are able to go to the hospital for treatment.

With his former experience as a missionary in China—where also he found in a missionary's daughter a most helpful helpmeet—and with his rugged health, practical common sense, and warm-hearted Christian interest in the people, his work for the Master on this unprivileged shore can scarcely be over-estimated. Sister Mayou, formerly of St. Anthony Hospital, is his assistant at Harrington, and a most capable one. There is a Presbyterian church, with earnest membership close by the hospital, supplied by a man from the Pine Hill College, who also acts as teacher among the islands. The new 'Northern Messenger' is daily expected, and will be a larger and better boat for the doctor's long, rough trips.

Ministers of the dioceses of Quebec and St. John's also travel along the coast in their respective districts, these of course being entirely separate from Dr. Grenfell's far-reaching and greatly beneficent work. I have just heard of him as having arrived on the coast in a private yacht (the 'Enchantress') and as pushing his way down the coast, where he will doubtless overtake the 'Strathcona,' and repeat at many harbors, on many vessels, in many scattered and humble homes of want, his double and blessed work—heal the sick, preach the Word.

C. C. CARPENTER.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—I. E., Mongolia, $2.00; Robert Curle, Toronto, $1.00; Mrs. John MacKay, Westville, $5.00; 'Mac,' Toronto, $1.00; A Friend, Summerstown, $5.00; James Powell, Toronto, $10.00; Total.. .. ..$ 24.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 499.14

Total on hand August 31.. .. .. ..$ 523.14

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

Religious News.

The American Board reports:

In the very midst of the massacres at Adana, when grave doubt was entertained as to the safety of the missionaries, one of our candidates for appointment who was not expecting to go out for four years wrote that she wanted to go at once and to go to Adana. Another young lady immediately offered herself for Adjin, where the four women missionaries had been shut in for three weeks surrounded by murderous mobs. Surely our volunteers are not without real Christian heroism. Do the churches show an equal spirit of devotion in supporting this work?

One of the most hopeful signs of the church in India in recent years has been the remarkable missionary enthusiasm in the native church. The Indian missionary society of Tinnevelly was formed in 1903. It is supported and conducted wholly by Indian Christians. In April, 1904, the first missionary was sent to the Manukota Taluq in the Nizam's dominions. The language spoken being Telugu, the Tamil missionary had to learn a foreign language. Now there are 12 workers, 94 baptized Christians, and over 250 catechumens scattered in 14 villages. The headquarters of the mission is at Dornakal.—'C. M. S. Gazette.'

The Rev. Ernest Hall writes that the secret of the rapid growth of the church in Corea is the same as in apostolic days: (1) The power of the Holy Spirit in the witnessing of disciples by life and lips, and (2) the scattering of Christians everywhere to plant the Gospel seed in other hearts. Mr. Hall says: 'The Coreans are taught that every Christian must become a missionary to his or her own people, in that he must tell the story of Christ's love to those who have never heard it. When a man asks for admission to the church, he is asked if he has done this, and if not is kept waiting until he can give evidence of the vitality of his Christianity. As a result the missionaries are frequently asked to go to places they have never visited and there organize churches from disciples won by a native Christian.

The trustees of the Arthington fund, in connection with the Baptist Missionary Society, are providing the whole plant of the union medical college and hospital at Tsinan, the capital of Shantung. The buildings, therefore, will belong to the English Baptist mission, but the college itself is a union institution, under the joint control at present of the English Baptist and American Presbyterian missions. Provision is made for other missionary bodies in Shantung and adjoining provinces to join in and enlarge this union undertaking for the training of Christian doctors for China. The aim and policy of the college is 'to give a medical education, under distinctively Christian influences, to young men chiefly from Christian families.' Young men from non-Christian families will be admitted, provided they are able to meet the entrance requirements, are of good character, and are willing to abide by the rules of the institution.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1909.

Temperance Lesson.

I. Cor. x., 23-33. Memory verse 24. Read I. Cor. viii., 1-13; x., 14-33; Rom. viii., 14.

Golden Text.

Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification. Rom. xv., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, September 20.—I. Cor. x., 23-33.
Tuesday, September 21.—I. Cor. ix., 19-27.
Wednesday, September 22.—I. Corinthians 8.
Thursday, September 23.—I. Pet. v., 1-11.
Friday, September 24.—Tit. ii., 6-15.
Saturday, September 25.—Rom. xv., 1-7.
Sunday, September 26.—Eph. vi., 1-10.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

A few Sundays ago we learnt what Paul thought about love, and one of the things he said was, love 'seeketh not her own.' How would you say that? We would say 'love isn't always looking out for Number One' or 'love isn't selfish.' That lesson about love was taken from a letter that Paul wrote to the people in a city called Corinth, and to-day we are to study another part of the same letter. It has quite a lot to do with that other part about love, because it tells us what we are likely to do if we love ourselves best and what we ought to do if we love other people better than ourselves. Paul is writing in this letter to grownups, so he uses a good many big sort of words that are not easy for smaller people to quite understand. However, what he says is just as much for the very smallest in the Sunday School as for the oldest. There are some nuts, you know, that are very hard to crack, but the kernel is nice to eat when you get at it. Perhaps we will find these nuts easier to crack if we take hold of them in just a little different way, that is, if we put them into our own words. Paul, then, starts out by saying, 'I have a right to do a great many things that it would not be quite wise for me to do.' We may be able to understand that better if I tell you about two little boys, Harold and Jimmie, who spent their summer holidays by a lake. Harold is eight years old and he loved to play in the boats that were fastened to the shore, and his mother let him, because she knew he would be careful, 'Only,' she said, 'be sure that Jimmie isn't around, because he is too young, and if he got into one he might fall out.' But it was a long while after Harold got the 'right' to play in the boats before it was 'wise' for him to do so, because Jimmie always seemed to be around, so Harold had to give up his 'right' for little Jimmie's sake. If Harold had said 'I don't care. Mother says I may play in the boats, and I am able to take care of myself. Jimmie will just have to keep out of the boats and take care of himself.' Would that have been doing what was right? We know that little Jimmie seeing Harold in the boats would have wanted to get in, too, and Harold knew that Jimmie was not able to take care of himself. So Paul tells us that there are some things that no Christian has a right to do, because it would be putting others into danger. Now our lesson to-day is called temperance lesson, and we want to see if what Paul says will help us at all to see what is right about the temperance question.

FOR THE SENIORS.

There is the difficulty in connection with this lesson and its application to the temperance question that the cases compared can by no means be called parallel. The trouble that was agitating the Corinthian Church carried in its train no question of ruined homes, depraved humanity, poverty, misery and crime, such as are the unquestioned attendants on the drink traffic, but yet in a small way reasoning from the less to the greater, the arguments that Paul places here before the Christians at Corinth, that they yield their manifest rights for the sake of the scruples of others, may be so applied to those Christians to-day who do not consider the matter as in any way a question of their own danger. The argument, as Paul puts it, is very simple and direct. Perhaps the only verses that require a word are the twenty-ninth and thirtieth. Paul's argument is 'What is the value of exercising a right on a matter not of principle, if it only brings upon me the condemnation of my fellow Christians? If you are in truth eating your food in humble dependence on God, will you knowingly incur the imputation of wrong doing in the mind and mouth of another?' That is a piece of obstinate self-assertion which is incompatible with true Christianity, and Paul thinks it only necessary to present it in this light, to show that any such eating and drinking could certainly not be to the glory of God. Some important references on the question of Christian liberty and its exercise are, Gal. v., 13; Rom. xiv., 15-22; I. Cor. viii., 9; Rom. xv., 1, 2; Rom. xiv., 13; I. Cor. viii., 13.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 5.—'Whatever is sold in the shambles, eat.' Notice that Paul disregards utterly the apostolic decree of Acts xv., 29, which he himself apparently assented to, and in his second missionary journey (which first brought him to Corinth) distributed to the churches, and which enjoined abstinence from idol sacrifices as one of the 'necessary things.' For even the advice of verse 28 referred, not to his readers' conscience, but to one of the weak brothers who gave the information. This disregard can not be accounted for by a change of circumstances, making expedient a change of practice in so short a time. It rather points to an advance of knowledge in the mind of the apostle, to a firmer grasp of the teaching of Christ ('e. g.' Mark vii., 18). This does not lessen the authority of the apostles as unanimous witnesses of the teaching of Christ. But it warns us to be careful in accepting, as binding for all time, the letter of their advice in matters of small detail.—J Agar Beet, in 'Commentary on First Corinthians.'

'Asking no questions for conscience's sake.' Do not make it a matter of conscience to find out whether the meat has been offered to idols. See I. Cor. viii., 7. 'Refrain from questions so as not to disturb your conscience by associating the meat with sacrifice. The case seems to be supposed of a man whose judgment is convinced, but who can not quite get rid of old associations' (Drummond).

Will my example call out imitation in others, to whom it may be harmful or fatal to do as I can do with real or supposed impunity? If so, I am guilty of something very like murder if I do not abstain. 'What harm is there in betting a dollar? I can well afford to lose it, and I can keep myself from the feverish wish to risk more.' Yes, and you are thereby helping to hold up that gambling habit which is ruining thousands. 'I can take alcohol in moderation, and it does me no harm, and I can go to a prayermeeting after my dinner and temperate glass, and I am within my Christian liberty in doing so.' Yes, and you are part thereby in the greatest curse that besets our country, and are, by countenancing the drink habit, guilty of the blood of souls. How any Christian man can read these verses and not abstain from all intoxicants is a mystery. They cut clean through all the pleas for moderate drinking, and bring into play another set of principles which limit liberty by regard to others' good. Surely, if there was ever a subject to which these words apply, it is the use of alcohol, the proved cause of almost all the crime and poverty on both sides of the Atlantic. To the Christians who plead their 'liberty' we can only say, 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth.'"—Dr. Maclaren, in the 'Sunday School Times.'

All training of the conscience proceeds in the direction of the scruple. In moral and spiritual culture the line of progress is not from the less to the greater, but from the greater to the less. A man can measure the increasing refinement of his conscience by its more pervasive activity in the trifle. The path of perfection leads toward a faithfulness in that which is least.—J. H. Jowett.

Try to have a good time in the world, counsels Dr. Edward Eggleston. Get your pleasures always at your own and not at other people's expense. Let it always be good, honest, clean happiness with nothing wrong about it.

Rules are good, but principles are better; rules may contradict, confuse; principles are constant, consistent.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

There is no virtue in doing right in such a way as to lead others to do wrong.—Henry F. Cope.

To obey God is liberty.—Seneca.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, September 26.—Topic—Watch and be sober. I. Thess. v., 5-8. (Temperance meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, September 20.—The Bible as soul-winner. Ps. xix., 7-14.

Tuesday, September 21.—Preaching the word. Rom. x., 8-21.

Wednesday, September 22.—Purity wins souls. I. Tim. iv., 6-16.

Thursday, September 23.—Kindness wins souls. Rom. xii., 17-21.

Friday, September 24.—Going to the lost. Matt. xxii., 9; xxviii., 18-20.

Saturday, September 25.—Praying for the lost. Neh. i., 4-11.

Sunday, September 26.—Topic—How missionaries win souls for Christ. I. Cor. ix., 19-23.

Good Points.

1. The quality of all teaching is best tested by its results.

2. This is especially true of all Sunday-school teaching; notably so in the primary class.

3. The lesson which goes in at one ear and out at the other has made no abiding impression.

4. Therefore, to rightly test the teaching, before taking up the lesson for the day, always review the previous lesson.

5. This is greatly helped by leaving on the blackboard the lesson as you have taugh. it every Sunday.

6. As the children come into the room on the next Sunday, the sight of our blackboard exposition will at once recall to each mind the main points of the lesson as taught, and make the children more willing and ready to answer our questions.

7. Never attempt elaborate work. As a rule, do not outline the plan of the lesson before commencing to teach, but chalk as you talk, and talk as you chalk.

8. Be just as simple as possible in all blackboard work; a straight mark with the initial letter over or under it stands for an apostle just as well as the full figure of a man. A square stands for a house, small squares within it, for windows; two cross lines each way in the window for the prison bars. The blue crayon indicates water when in flowing lines; the green crayon, grass and leaves; the white and blue crayon combined, the church; and so on; only tell the children what you intend by each figure you draw, and they will seldom forget it.

9. By observing these points, any primary teacher can do simple blackboard illustration (which is really the most effective), even without previous experience.

10. When there is hesitancy in answering a question and at length one little child answers correctly, call the child by name and let him or her raise the hand, that others may know who was so attentive and ready.

11. Always be full of the vital point in each lesson before you attempt to teach it, if you would be successful in the work.

12. Before leaving home for the class, the very last thing earnestly implore the help of God. He will help often while we are teaching, bringing precious thoughts to aid us in rightly unfolding the truth, far more impressive than any precious thoughts of our own. —'Our Young Folks.'

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

N., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I hope all the little girls and boys who read this paper are well. There is a little girl, a reader of the 'Messenger,' that lives near here, that has been sick over a year. She was picking raspberries and some insect stung her, and it turned out very serious. I live on a farm and think the country is beautiful, especially in summer. I am a little girl twelve years of age and have taken the 'Messenger' since my sixth birthday. I like to read it very much. I will close with a riddle: —When you go into a cheese factory what smells most?

ENA E. DOUGLAS.

A COMPOSITION ON SUNDAY.

(By J. B. B., Desboro, Ont.)

Sunday is the first day of the week. It is a day set apart by Our Maker for a day of rest and worship. We are not supposed to do any work on Sunday that we can possibly avoid.

It is a day of rest for both man and beast, and should be set apart for sacred works such as going to church, Sunday School and any other religious meetings, and it is also a day to study the Bible and the Catechism and read good books and papers.

It was on Sunday that Our Saviour rose from the dead. This we call Easter Sunday, and on that day all churches hold special services.

It is very wrong to do any work on Sunday that we can avoid. The better we keep Sunday the better we get along through the week.

THE LITTLE ORPHANS.

Jim was a poor little orphan,
Who was thin and most ill-clad,
He owned not a single penny,
And he was very sad.

Father had died a drunkard,
Mother was saved above,
Jim had a little brother,
The only one left to love.

How often he longed for his mother
While trudging along the cold street,
Or sweeping away at the crossing
For money to buy bread to eat.

And once he crept into a bake-shop
To ask for a morsel of bread,
The baker seemed glad to give it,
And kissed the poor lad's curly head.

He swept all he could before supper,
Because he had Billy to keep,
And then he went seeking for shelter,
For they needed somewhere to sleep.

But when on the morning after,
The sun shone where they lay,
Nestling close together,
He showed at the break of day.

That Jim's dearest wish was granted,
For he and little Bill,
Had died and gone to heaven,
And their little forms were still.

MAGGIE EVELYN NASON.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Angels still their flight are winging.' Roselyn M. Davidson (age 9), M., Ont.

2. 'My School-friend.' Alice P., B., Ont.

3. 'A Hand.'

4. 'My Boat.' Harold Arbuthus, T., Ont.

5. 'A House.' Vernon Deller, N., Ont.

6. 'A Branch of Cherries.' Vernon Deller, N., Ont.

7. 'Tree, flowers and bird.' Margaret E. Parsons, B., Ont.

8. 'Flowers and Candle.' Margaret E. Parsons, B., Ont.

9. My Brother's Colt.' Roy Finlayson, S., B.C.

10. 'Our House.' Charlie Ray, R. M., Ont.

11. 'Mary Jane.' Alice P., B., Ont.

12. 'The Red Admiral.' Vernon Deller, N., Ont.

N. B., Iowa.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very well, and I like to read the little boys' and girls' page. I live with my papa and mamma and two brothers in a little town in Iowa. I take music lessons every Tuesday on the organ and I enjoy it, for I want to be a musician when I get big. I attend the M. E. Church and Sunday School every Sunday. My brother has a dog named Sport. We live in a large white house near the C. B. & Q. railroad track. For my last birthday I got a handkerchief, two yards of ribbon, eight post cards and a ring.

LOLA M. BENNETT (age 12).

Nothing worth while is ever achieved without hard ditch work with coat off and arms bared to the elbow.—S. D. Gordon.

A Deal in Apples.

(Mrs. F. M. Howard, in the 'Standard.')

'Those apples must get to market or they will spoil on the ground,' said Mrs. Arnold, decidedly, as her husband washed his hands at the kitchen sink.

'There isn't much use in taking them to market either, mother,' replied Mr. Arnold, polishing his countenance until it shone, with the crash roller towel. 'Being such a big crop this year, the price has dropped away out of sight. Last year now, there wasn't enough apples to scarcely keep us in pies; this year we had to prop the trees.'

'Well, if we can't sell them we can give them away.' Mrs. Arnold dished up her breakfast energetically. 'It's just a sin and a shame to let the Lord's good bounty lie on the ground, doing nobody any good.'

'Well, well, mother, don't slam that dish down so hard, or something will break around here. I'll fill a waggon load of barrels to morrow and start for the city with them as early as I can. But don't you go counting on that new silk gown out of the sale, for it's more'n likely you will be disappointed.'

'I've lived without a silk dress this far and I reckon I can get along with alpaca a little longer,' replied Mrs. Arnold, marching toward the dining-room with a dish in each hand. 'Fetch along the coffee pot, Josiah, and don't burn yourself on the handle.'

The next morning Mr. Arnold was ready with his load of apples, each barrel provided with a long willow switch with a fine specimen of the contents stuck upon it. It was a tempting load, for the Arnold orchard was of the best, and Mr. Arnold had taken great pains to select only the best of the fruit.

It was not a long drive to the city, and the strong farm horses drew their load briskly, invigorated by the crisp, fresh breeze which blew from the lake, with a distant touch of winter in it.

Mr. Arnold often sang softly to himself as he drove along, and his songs were of a pleasant nature, like himself. To-day it was, 'Jerusalem, my happy home, name ever dear to me.'

'Yes, that's so. It don't make much difference how pleasant we have things down here, it's a pretty thought that there's a better home awaiting for us up yonder. Mother and me will be mighty glad to get there, too, I reckon, for life is full of pin pricks, at its best, and we've had our share.'

The horses trotted on through the suburbs of the city, toward the fruit markets. 'Apples? Well, sir, I'm sorry to say it, but there is no market for apples to-day. A dozen carloads have come in from Michigan, and just knocked prices clean out of sight. It wouldn't pay you to unload, even if we could take them at all.'

Mr. Arnold's ruddy face fell, for he had been maturing a little scheme of his own on the way to town. At any sort of a fair price the apples should bring the price of a silk gown for the patient wife who had needed one so long, but instead had worn her old alpaca until it was shiny and threadbare. He had counted his chickens prematurely.

'Perhaps you might sell them by crying them on the residence streets,' suggested the dealer. Mr. Arnold turned his horses toward the avenues with revived hope. 'Apples, Appl-l-les.'

Mr. Arnold had a strong, lusty voice and he used it unsparingly, but not a customer appeared, and with a keen sense of disappointment he turned toward the humbler streets where the tenement houses stood in long, uninviting rows. His shortest route home was out beyond these even, where the tenements were shabbier, and where grim poverty was evidenced by rags and dirt. Swarms of children were playing in the unwholesome gutters and on the sidewalks, and Mr. Arnold noticed with interest their pinched faces, their unhealthy pallor.

(To be continued.)

MOTHER'S BARGAIN PACKET,
Containing Infant's Sacque, hand-made, 6 yards' Baby Ribbon; 1 Embroidered Stock Collar; 1 Fancy Handkerchief; 4 yards wide Applique; 6 Post-Cards. One dollar post-paid, worth $1.50. Postal note or stamps. CANADIAN SUPPLY CO., Lakefield, Ont.

BOYS AND GIRLS

How Wallace Got Even.

(H. S. Smith, in the 'Visitor.')

'Toot! Toot! Toot!'

Wallace jumped aside in haste. The warning came so suddenly that he did not have time to realize the direction of the danger; but he knew that the danger was very real and very close, and he leaped for his life. His feet struck the gutter, and he slipped and fell with a splash, and then he heard Oliver Ryerson's shout of mocking laughter. Wallace arose to his feet, his eyes flashing. The red automobile was at the other end of the block by now; but the driver, a lad not many years Wallace's senior, turned to look back over his shoulder. Wallace knew just what a mischievous grin illumined Oliver's freckled face. He clinched his fists and breathed hard.

A voice spoke from the sidewalk: 'All those clean clothes in a mess! Ain't it a shame!' An old woman with a market-basket on her arm had come around the corner in time to see all that had happened, and her voice quavered with sympathy.

Wallace uttered a little cry. He had forgotten the shirt-waists he was carrying home to Miss Winter, the high school teacer. In the dreadful moment when he heard the toot of Oliver's horn, he had room in his mind for just one thought, and that was the saving of his life. But now the remembrance of these freshly-ironed shirt-waists struck him with dismay. He turned his head slowly, as if reluctant to know the worst.

'It's a shame the way that Ryerson boy acts with that automobile of his'n,' exclaimed the old woman. 'Tain't his fault he haan't run over somebody before this. And now look at them nice, clean clothes that cost somebody a whole lot of work, and have got to go right into the tubs again!'

'I should say they will,' groaned Wallace. He picked up the mussed, muddy, shirt-waists, which were so immaculate when he left home, and silently restored them to the basket from which they had fallen when he made his leap for his life. His face was so downcast that the old woman tried to comfort him.

'Well, it ain't as bad as it might be. Dirtying up a few shirt-waists ain't much to worry over alongside of getting killed. I guess your ma will be so thankful to have you come home with whole bones that she won't fret about doing a little extra work. But it's a shame about that Oliver Ryerson. Just because his father is rich, he thinks it's everybody's business to get out of his way.'

Wallace's unknown sympathizer was expressing a view very prevalent in the little town. When Oliver Ryerson began to drive his father's automobile, a great many of the townspeople expressed decided disapproval. Oliver was not a careful boy, and as he gained familiarity with the machine, he began to exhibit a recklessness which promised disaster sooner or later. Oliver had a somewhat peculiar sense of humor, and the fact that his appearance brought consternation appealed to him as amusing. Many a time that morning as he swept through the town, tooting his warning, he chuckled to himself on recalling Wallace's leap.

Wallace, on the other hand, did not see the humor of the situation. He went home, his heart swelling with an anger that choked him. The old woman on the sidewalk had been right when she said that Oliver Ryerson claimed especial privileges for himself because he was the son of a rich man. It was Wallace's opinion that the time had come to show him his mistake.

The little woman in the kitchen, who looked so slight and frail as she bent over the washtub, paled at the sight of the soiled shirtwaists.

'O Wallace!' she said, and her voice shook.

'Yes, I know it; but it wasn't my fault.' Wallace told the story, the angry tears moistening his eyes as he explained; and when he had ended, the little woman was crying, but happily.

'We won't fret about a little extra work, will we, dear,' she said, just as the little woman on the sidewalk prophesied, 'as long as my boy is safe? And now I'll do these shirtwaists the first thing. It won't do to disappoint Miss Winter.'

'Some day,' Wallace said, and he could not keep his voice steady—'some day I'm going to even things up with Oliver Ryerson.'

'I wouldn't let myself feel that way, dear.'

'But I do feel that way. He thinks he can do anything he likes, shooting around town in that red automobile, just because his father's richer than anybody around here. This isn't the first time he's played a mean trick on me, and now it's my turn.'

Wallace's mother did not say very much then. She could see that Wallace's excited mood was not favorable to the reception of good advice, and she resolved to talk the matter over with him later, when his sense of injury had time to cool. But that night, when Wallace lay awake listening to the thud of his mother's flatiron as she toiled to repair the damage due to Oliver's recklessness, he promised himself again to find a way of getting even with the driver of the red automobile.

Miss Winter's shirt-waists were sent home a day late, accompanied by an apologetic note from Wallace's mother. Wallace was returning from the errand when he came upon a sight that interested him. Standing directly upon the track that led down to the Ryerson factory was a red automobile. A boy with a flushed, puzzled face leaned forward, evidently doing his utmost to start the machine. Perhaps it was not strange that Wallace viewed this picture with a sense of satisfaction.

'He's in trouble himself, now. Wonder how he likes it.' Wallace stood looking on, a sparkle of malicious pleasure in his eyes. Oliver seemed hot and uncomfortable enough. It would do him good to worry a little, and Wallace also felt sure that it would do him good to witness the process.

Then something happened which greatly surprised and startled him. From the thick woods along the river sounded the whistle of a freight engine. Wallace saw Oliver throw up his arms in a frightened gesture. In spite of himself, Wallace thrilled with a responsive dismay.

'If he can't start the machine it will be smashed. The engineer won't see it till he rounds the curve, and then it'll be too late to stop.' All his resentment toward Oliver was swallowed up in sympathy. He ran nearer the tracks, realizing his inability to be of assistance, but vaguely anxious to help in some way. 'My, he's plucky all right,' thought Wallace. In the admiration for courage, which is instinctive in every boy, he temporarily forgot his uncomplimentary opinion of Oliver Ryerson. 'He's going to stick by that car till the very last minute, and save it if he can. He had better be careful, or he'll stay too long.'

The whistle sounded again, and Wallace's heart leaped; for the engine had rounded the curve. And then in a strange flash of insight he saw that he was mistaken. Oliver was not pluckily standing by the automobile till the last moment, but prepared to save his life when it became apparent that he could not save the machine, too. His frantic gestures told the truth. He had lost his head completely. He was staying on in the automobile because it had not occurred to him that escape was simple and easy if he left the machine to its fate.

Wallace leaped forward. It was not an act recklessly impulsive, blind to consequences. His mind was curiously clear. He realized vividly the danger to which he was exposing himself. His mother's face came up before him—that dear worn face with the tired circles under its eyes and its undaunted smile. Poor mother! And yet if he missed his chance now, how could he face her?

The cowering ashen-cheeked boy whose coat collar Wallace gripped fought frantically against rescue. But the strength of desperation was in Wallace's slender arms. He jerked Oliver from his seat, and then dragged him from the tracks just in front of the locomotive, which a white-faced engineer was doing his best to bring to a standstill.

And then both boys heard, without quite understanding what it meant, the crash which rendered the red automobile a hopeless wreck.

The news of the accident spread like wildfire. People who had been prophesying that the Ryerson boy would kill somebody sooner or later, were surprised to find how near he had come losing his own life. As for Oliver himself, he was a rather pitiable spectacle as Wallace helped him home. Like many reckless people, Oliver's courage was largely superficial, and the peril he had just escaped had drained him dry of self-control. He trembled so that he could not have stood but for the support Wallace gave him, and with difficulty he swallowed down the choking sobs. It did not seem to him that he could ever bear an automobile again.

That night, after Wallace had gone to bed, his mother was startled by a burst of laughter from his little room. She hurried to him, surprised and anxious. She herself had not felt like laughing since Wallace came home with his news, though her heart was overflowing with gratitude for the boy's preservation. As she smoothed Wallace's pillow with a motherly hand, a smothered chuckle came from under the bedclothes.

'Nothing's the matter, mother,' Wallace acknowledged rather shamefacedly. 'But I can't help laughing to think how I was wishing yesterday for a chance to hurt Oliver Ryerson some way or other, I didn't care how; and when I saw him in trouble, the only thing I thought of was how to help him out. It was a queer way to get even, but I guess it'll have to do.'

'It was a very good way, I think,' said Wallace's mother. She stooped to kiss him, and in the dim light he could not see that her eyes were alight with pride and tenderness.

Dolly.

(Adele E. Thompson, in 'Good Cheer.')

The white house stood well back of its screening evergreens, and passers-by would hardly notice if it were shabby, but Miss Adelaide saw it as often as she went up the flagged walk, and would observe to her sister, 'Father always had the house painted every spring.' To which Miss Ellen would sigh and answer, 'Yes, but things are very different now.'

And in truth, sad changes since the death of their father five years before had come to the 'Storer girls,' as they were still often called, though far past girlhood—timid, fluttering little ladies, with soft eyes and a hint of rose-bloom on their faded cheeks. All their lives they had lived under Colonel Storer's strong protection, and that gone, they had felt helpless indeed.

'How fortunate that they are well provided for,' all the neighbors had said. And so they had seemed to be. But first the railroad in which they held a large amount of stock went into a receiver's hands, and their dividends ceased; there remained valuable property in a Western city. 'That will still keep us in comfort,' they had said. Then suddenly they heard no more from their agent, and at last by inquiry, they found that he had sold the property and disappeared.

That this meant wrong and fraud they well knew, but they were inexperienced as well as timid, used only to the quiet ways of village life; and though they said to each other, 'If dear father were alive, he would do something,' what that something should be they hardly knew.

So it was that Miss Adelaide looked up from the rows of figures on the sheet of paper before her one September afternoon with a sigh, 'I've been trying and trying, but I only see one way that we can pay Doctor Bliss' bill for my sickness last summer. I don't see how we can cut down expenses any more. We've left off meat, and milk in our tea, and steep that twice over, and never keep a fire unless we have to.'

'I know,' assented Miss Ellen, 'and what is the way?'

Miss Adelaide hesitated a moment before she answered, 'To sell Dolly.'

In the silence that followed her words both looked out of the window to where in the near-by pasture a handsome little bay horse was cropping the grass, who lifted her head and shook her thick mane as if she knew their thoughts were on her.

'You don't know how I hate to think of it, she continued, 'she has grown up on the place, and her mother before her; it seems like parting with one of the family.'

'I feel as you do,' sighed Miss Ellen, 'still I

have been thinking, and especially since John Hills has been wanting to buy her, that while she can pick a living from the pasture through the summer, the winter is coming, and where are the oats and hay for her manger to come from?'

Miss Adelaide sighed again, 'I've thought of that myself. I'd rather part with Dolly than think of her going hungry,' and then they both cried softly.

So one sad day they gave Dolly her last lump of sugar, and standing side by side watched her out of sight as John Hills led her away.

'Father used to say that all things worked together for good,' said Miss Adelaide, 'but I can't see it in our case, and especially in this parting with Dolly.'

'Oh, sister, it must be so,' cried Miss Ellen. 'God's ways are not as ours.'

'I know, and I will try to trust instead of murmuring.'

'It's a shame,' said Alice Noble, as looking out of the window across the way she saw the sisters wiping their eyes, 'that the old railroad doesn't pay Miss Adelaide and Miss Ellen anything, and the rascal ran away with all that money, and now they have had to sell Dolly. I know that's the reason. If I was rich I would buy her back for them.'

'Unfortunately you are not rich,' said her mother, 'and in any case you would hardly offer a gift of money to the Storer girls.'

The next week Alice went to visit her Aunt Helen, twenty miles distant, and, of course, she must take with her the bicycle that had been Aunt Helen's present on her last, her fourteenth, birthday. The week that followed was full of pleasure, among which she long remembered the rides on her wheel along the smooth, hard roads, made still more attractive by the numerous handsome grounds and summer homes of the rich city folke who had learned the quiet beauty of the place.

The last morning of her stay she and Ponto went out for a little run, and turning back she decided to make a short cut through a lane over which the trees, still in full leaf, but bright with early October colors, hung most invitingly. One of the handsome summer homes ran back to the lane, and as she rounded a bend she saw that close against it was set a picturesque stable, and before its open door stood a dogcart which an English-looking groom was washing. As she passed him she noticed nearly opposite a horse's head hanging over the tight board fence—a most dejected, drooping head, with closed eyes and a look of suffering endurance. Alice gave it a pitiful glance, then she was off her wheel. Surely she knew that white strip, that thick mane, now roughly tumbled; and soon she was stroking her neck with 'Dolly, poor Dolly, what "is" the matter?'

Then turning to the groom, she asked, 'Is she sick?'

A gray-haired gentleman had come through the stable door in time to hear the question.

'Homesick, I fancy,' he answered, with a smile at the eager young face framed in the flowing hair, 'I have only had her about two weeks, and Ferguson tells me that he can hardly get her to eat a mouthful; she simply stands and mopes as you see her now.'

'Oh, she's sick for home, poor Dolly! and no wonder; she had never been away from it before. What would Miss Adelaide and Miss Ellen say if they could see her now?'

'Then you know the horse?'

'Yes, indeed, she belonged to two of the dearest little ladies, who would never have sold her, I am sure, if they had not felt they must, not only for Dolly's sake, but because she was the pet horse of their father, Colonel Storer.'

'Not Colonel Jerome Storer?'

'Yes, sir.'

'But he was counted a rich man?'

'I know he was, but he had lost some money before he died.' And then Alice went on to relate the misfortunes that had come since.

'Can this be possible?' exclaimed the gentleman.' 'Colonel Storer was my friend. I was in his regiment; he saved my life once at the risk of his own. I owe him a debt of gratitude that money can never pay. And his daughters are in need! At least they shall have their horse again. Did you say you were going home to-morrow? Then if you will drive over with me we will lead Dolly. Perhaps it will revive her spirits to turn her face toward home.'

Alice's bicycle almost danced with the lightness of her heart, and the next day she drove away by Mr. Rose's side, while Dolly, fastened behind the carriage, pricked up her ears when she found the way she was headed, and when the white house behind the screening evergreens was reached, gave a whinny of delight that brought Miss Adelaide and Miss Ellen to the door, when their arms went around Dolly's neck and her nose was rubbed against their cheeks in a way that made the eyes of Mr. Rose and Alice moist with pleasure.

Then Mr. Rose told them of his long friendship for their father and the service rendered on the battlefield. He did not offer them money, but leading them to talk of their troubles, he assured them that the railroad bonds had still a value, and that as a lawyer he would look into the other matter. Mr. Rose was a noted lawyer, but never had he given more earnest work to a case, and to such purpose that he proved the deed given by the agent fraudulent, and to a man aware of the fraud. This done, he disposed of the property at a price that assured paint for the old house, oats for Dolly, and comfort for Miss Adelaide and Miss Ellen the rest of their lives.

'And so, my dear child, we have proved the truth of what father so often said, that all things "do" work together for good,' they would say to Alice. 'And we cannot decide which to count our most fortunate day, when Dolly went away, because if she hadn't gone, we would never have known Mr. Rose; or when, thanks to you and to the love that guides us all, she came home again.'

That Big Rabbit.

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Interior.')

Far away to the north of us stretches a land white with snow during most of the year, where bleak winds in unobstructed fury sweep over deserted wastes, where night hangs like a somber cloud for months unbroken and where those crystal mountains called icebergs are born. Here is the home of the polar hare. Here, where man aimlessly wanders in a vain search for food or shelter, this dainty creature thrives.

Excepting the Irishman's hare—which was no hare at all, but a donkey—the polar hare is the largest of the long-eared tribe. It equals the fox in size and will sometimes reach the height of a man's knee. Being so large, and moreover, being found as far north as ever man has been able to go, it is often the means of saving the lives of unfortunate explorers or whalers who have been imprisoned by the ice so long that their supply of provisions has given out.

Strangely enough, however, it sometimes happens that men are overtaken by starvation in the midst of numbers of polar hares. This is because the little creature has a peculiarity which makes it difficult for the inexperienced hunter to shoot it. When approached, it seems to have no fear at all, but sits up, apparently waiting for the coming hunter. But just as the probably hungry man begins to finger the trigger of his gun, and to eat in anticipation the savory stew, the hare turns about and bounds actively away to a safe distance, and once more rising on its haunches, sits with a provoking air of seeming unconsciousness until the hunter is again nearly within gunshot, when it once more jumps away. This action seems to the hungry hunter like the cruelest of coquetry, though in fact it is only the working of the instinct of self-preservation common to every animal.

Notwithstanding the apparent impossibility of approaching near enough to the hare to shoot it, there is in reality a very simple way to accomplish it. This plan is practiced by the natives, who no doubt have learned it after a failure. It consists in walking in a circle around the animal, gradually narrowing the circle until within the proper distance. Simple as this plan is, it is so effective that, with care, the hunter may get within fifty yards of the hare, which seems completely bewildered by the actions of its enemy.

Perhaps the sad story of the heroic suffering and final loss of Captain De Long and his brave comrades might never have had to be told, had it not been for their probable ignorance of a matter of no more importance than this of how to shoot a polar hare. When they left their ship, the 'Jeannette,' they took with them only rifles, thinking, no doubt, that they would fall in with only such large game as bears, reindeer and wolves. As a matter of fact, such large animals were very scarce, while ptarmigan, a species of grouse, were plentiful and would have supplied food in abundance to the whole brave band had there been shotguns with which to bring them down. As it was, the rifles killed but a few of the birds, and thus in the midst of comparatively plenty the brave fellows starved.

Since the ground is covered with snow such a great part of the year it might be imagined that the hare would find it no easy matter to procure its food. Fortunately for it, however, an evergreen bush, known as the Labrador tea plant, is scattered through these regions, and seeking this in the snow, the creature makes a grateful meal upon it. At other times the bark of the dwarf willow affords it a dainty repast.

Not only in the matter of food is the polar hare suited to its bleak, snowy home. Human beings who live in the same latitude have found it necessary to make for themselves broad, flat, light frames which they call snow-shoes, to enable them to move about on the feathery material into which they would otherwise sink over their heads at times. Nature has done the same thing for the hare in giving it the broad, long, fur-clad hind legs, upon the lower points of which the animal rests and from which it springs.

Its body is protected from the bitter cold by long, soft and thick fur, and as, even in its lonely home, it has enemies, this same fur, by a simple yet most ingenious plan, is made to serve as a means of safety.

The golden and the snowy owl are both particularly fond of the pretty creature, but it is a fondness which the hare has no desire to encourage. Therefore, when it spies one of these great birds sailing through the air with its sharp eyes searching about for something to devour, it instantly sinks upon the snow as motionless as if dead, and thanks to the whiteness of its fur, it can hardly be distinguished from its white bed. This same snowy fur which protects it in winter would, however, as surely betray it in summer, when the snow is gone; so the little creature changes its white coat for a brown one as soon as the short spring has cleared the ground, and thus still resembles its surroundings.

Yet another provision is necessary to enable the hare to exist in its chosen home. It must have eyes arranged so that it can see during the long night of winter; and it is wonderful to find that its eyes are not fitted for total darkness but for twilight. For the Aurora borealis, which glows almost continuously in the arctic heavens, dispels the complete darkness that would otherwise exist, and makes a sort of twilight.

There is scarcely any animal that cannot be tamed if properly treated, and the polar hare is no exception. Indeed, its gentle disposition makes it a very easy subject, and consequently it has not only been tamed for a pet but even domesticated and kept for food.

Captain Ross, the great arctic explorer, caught a young one which had come, with a number of others, to eat the tea leaves which had been thrown overboard from the ship on the ice. This hare he tamed and made such a pet of that it spent most of its time in his cabin. There it would sit with a solemn air, listening to the conversation that was going on as if it understood every word, and when the talking was over it would leave the cabin with an air of having learned all that it wished to know.

A story is told of a boy in Newfoundland who had two polar hares which he one day determined to harness to his sled. Gentle as the creature is, it has the utmost dislike of being touched, and so it was a long and tiresome struggle for Master Tom before he could induce the hares to submit to even the simple harness he had contrived. But at last it was accomplished, and with little Miss Annie, his 3-year-old sister, on the sled, Tom touched his pets with his whip.

Poor little Annie must have thought that she had suddenly alighted upon the tail of a comet going about a hundred miles a minute, for no sooner had the hares felt the whip than with one accord they started. And as the hare has but one way of going, and that is with a jump, and as Tom, to help matters,

had headed them down a pretty steep hill, the sled was jerked from under Annie, who, being something like a very chubby barrel in shape, went after the flying hares as fast as she could roll, over and over.

The sled, too, being free at the second jump of the frightened animals, was also on its way down the incline, while Tom, who had started to run after Annie, lost his balance, sat down, and was skimming along in the rear of the procession.

When Tom picked Annie out of the snowdrift she was breathless with indignation and fright, but recovering herself in a few moments, declared with an emphatic stamp of

THE LITTLE GIRL'S TROUBLE.

her foot: 'Don't want to yide yabbits any more.' Nor did she have the opportunity, for Tom never saw his hares again, they having concluded, no doubt, that they were not fitted for that kind of work. Tom would have tried the experiment again with Annie's pet hare, but this that positive young lady refused to allow, telling her pet afterward in confidence that he was 'a very nice yabbit but not a good horsey.'

There is a use to which the polar hare, or more properly its fur, is put which is certainly novel. The fur is so long that the Esquimaux women spin the hairs into thread, which they afterward knit into gloves. Captain Ross, the celebrated arctic explorer, had such a pair of gloves made for him, and said they rivalled Angora wool in whiteness and surpassed it in softness.

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

TWENTY-FIRST EVENING.

'I saw a little girl weeping,' said the Moon; 'she was weeping over the depravity of the world. She had received a most beautiful doll as a present. Oh, that was a glorious doll, so fair and delicate! She did not seem created for the sorrows of this world. But the brothers of the little girl, those great naughty boys, had set the doll high up in the branches of a tree, and had run away.

'The little girl could not reach up to the doll, and could not help her down, and that is why she was crying. The doll must certainly have been crying too; for she stretched out her arms among the green branches, and looked quite mournful. Yes, these are the troubles of life of which the little girl had often heard tell. Alas, poor doll! it began to grow dark already; and suppose night were to come on completely! Was she to be left sitting there alone on the bough all night long? No, the little maid could not make up her mind to that. "I'll stay with you," she said, although she felt anything but happy in her mind. She could almost fancy she distinctly saw little gnomes, with their high-crowned hats, sitting in the bushes; and further back in the long walk, tall spectres appeared to be dancing. They came nearer and nearer, and stretched out their hands towards the tree on which the doll sat; they laughed scornfully, and pointed at her with their fingers. Oh, how frightened the little maid was! "But if one has not done anything wrong," she thought, "nothing evil can harm one. I wonder if I have done anything wrong?" And she considered. "Oh, yes! I laughed at the poor duck with the red rag on her leg; she limped along so funnily, I could not help laughing; but it's a sin to laugh at animals." And she looked up at the doll. "Did you laugh at the duck too?" she asked; and it seemed as if the doll shook her head.'

TWENTY-SECOND EVENING.

'I looked down upon Tyrol,' said the Moon, 'and my beams caused the dark pines to throw long shadows upon the rocks. I looked at the pictures of St. Christopher carrying the Infant Jesus that are painted there upon the walls of the houses, colossal figures reaching from the ground to the roof. St. Florian was represented pouring water on the burning house, and the Lord hung bleeding on the great cross by the wayside. To the present generation these are old pictures, but I saw when they were put up, and marked how one followed the other. On the brow of the mountain yonder is perched, like a swallow's nest, a lonely convent of nuns. Two of the sisters stood up in the tower tolling the bell; they were both young, and therefore their glances flew over the mountain out into the world. A travelling coach passed by below, the postillion wound his horn, and the poor nuns looked after the carriage for a moment with a mournful glance, and a tear gleamed in the eyes of the younger one. And the horn sounded faint and more faintly, and the convent bell drowned its expiring echoes.'

TWENTY-THIRD EVENING.

Hear what the Moon told me. 'Some years ago, here in Copenhagen, I looked through the window of a mean little room. The father and mother slept, but the little son was not asleep. I saw the flowered cotton curtains of the bed move, and the child peep forth. At first I thought he was looking at the great clock, which was gaily painted in red and green. At the top sat a cuckoo, below hung the heavy leaden weights, and the pendulum with the polished disc of metal went to and fro, and said "tick, tick." But no, he was not looking at the clock, but at his mother's spinning wheel, that stood just underneath it. That was the boy's favorite piece of furniture, but he dared not touch it, for if he meddled with it he got a rap on the knuckles. For hours together, when his mother was spinning, he would sit quietly by her side, watching the murmuring spindle and the revolving wheel, and as he sat he thought of many things. Oh, if he might only turn the wheel himself! Father and mother were asleep; he looked at them, and looked at the spinning wheel, and presently a little naked foot peered out of the bed, and then a second foot, and then two little white legs. There he stood. He looked round once more, to see if father and mother were still asleep—yes, they slept; and now he crept 'softly, softly,' in his short little nightgown, to the spinning wheel, and began to spin. The thread flew from the wheel, and the wheel whirled faster and faster. I kissed his fair hair and his blue eyes, it was such a pretty picture.

'At that moment the mother awoke. The curtain shook, she looked forth, and fancied she saw a gnome or some other kind of little spectre. "In Heaven's name!" she cried, and aroused her husband in a frightened way. He opened his eyes, rubbed them with his hands, and looked at the brisk little lad. "Why, that is Bertel," said he. And my eye quitted the poor room, for I have so much to see. At the same moment I looked at the halls of the Vatican, where the marble gods are enthroned. I shone upon the group of the Laocoon; the stone seemed to sigh. I pressed a silent kiss on the lips of the Muses, and they seemed to stir and move. But my rays lingered longest about the Nile group with the colossal god. Leaning against the Sphinx, he lies there thoughtful and meditative, as if he were thinking on the rolling centuries; and little love-gods sport with him and with the crocodiles. In the horn of plenty sat with folded arms a little tiny love-god, contemplating the great solemn river-god, a true picture of the boy at the spinning wheel—the features were exactly the same. Charming and life-like stood the little marble form, and yet the wheel of the year has turned more than a thousand times since the time when it sprang forth from the stone. Just as often as the boy in the little room turned the spinning wheel had the great wheel murmured, before the age could again call forth marble gods equal to those he afterwards formed.

'Years have passed since all this happened,' the Moon went on to say. 'Yesterday I looked upon a bay on the eastern coast of Denmark. Glorious woods are there, and high trees, an old knightly castle with red walls, swans floating in the ponds, and in the background appears, among orchards, a little town with a church. Many boats, the crews all furnished with torches, glided over the silent expanse—but these fires had not been kindled for catching fish, for everything had a festive look. Music sounded, a song was sung, and in one of the boats the man stood erect to whom homage was paid by the rest, a tall sturdy man, wrapped in a cloak. He had blue eyes and long white hair. I knew him, and thought of the Vatican, and of the group of the Nile, and the old marble gods. I thought of the simple little room where little Bertel sat in his night shirt by the spinning wheel. The wheel of time has turned, and new gods have come forth from the stone. From the boats there arose a shout: "Hurrah, hurrah for Bertel Thorwaldsen!"'

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Picture-book Friends.

(Isaac Ogden Rankin, in the 'Christian.')

The children in this book of mine
Are all so neat and sweet and fine.
I wonder how they'd really be
If they could run and play with me.

I love them all—of course I do—
But then, you see, I wish I knew
If they are truly girls and boys
Who like to run and make a noise.

That darling with her big blue eyes,
Does she know who to make mud pies?
And, if they put me in a book,
Would I have such a goody look?

Perhaps when I'm asleep they do
Come out to play—I wish I knew—
And one says: 'She's a sleepy one,
That girl! she misses all the fun.

'How tight she shuts her eyes. We keep
Our eyes wide open when we sleep.
I wonder, can she really be
A truly little girl like me?'

If I could have them, just to-day
Come running off the page to play,
At dark, when all our prayers were said
I'd put them in their book to bed

And tell them not to make a noise,
But be obedient girls and boys;
And all night long the book I'd keep
Under the pillow where I sleep;

And when you came upstairs to see
If all the clothes are off'n me,
You'd say—and how Papa would stare.
'There's nineteen children sleeping there.'

Sunday at the Beach.

I learned all my letters last Winter, and this Summer I had such fun on Sunday afternoons, for I could write my Golden Texts on the sand, and it made them so easy to learn. Mother told me how to spell the words, but I'm going to school again next Summer I'll know all myself perhaps.

Two Kinds of Comforts.

'To think I've got to stay here all this afternoon and mother not at home with me! And it's such a fine day! And I wanted to go over to the corners to see the elephants go by and I can't. Oh, dear!'

Bertie's voice was as doleful as his face, by which you will guess that it was very doleful, indeed.

His brother James came in. Bertie looked forlornly at him.

'My head aches real bad,' he said.

'Well,' said James, 'I'm sorry, you can't go with us over to the corners. But, of course, you know it's your own fault.' Bertie gave a little grunt.

'It doesn't do any good to tell me that,' he said.

'But it's so. You went out after the rain and got your feet soaking wet and then kept on your shoes all the evening so mother wouldn't know. That's how you caught your bad cold. And you must see that your having to stay in is a punishment. But I'm sorry you have to stay in. I'll bring you some nuts and I'll tell you all about it when I come back.'

Bertie turned in his chair with tears in his eyes as James went away. It was all so, but it did not help things at all to be told so. James had seemed to think it would.

The door opened again and another face peeped in. It belonged to his little cousin, Elsie. Elsie was not much older than he was, but she was his favorite cousin.

'Do you feel very bad?' she said.

'Dread—ful,' said Bertie, trying hard not to cry before a girl.

'Too bad! I knew you wouldn't go 'way over to the corners, but I hoped you could come down by the creek with us and sail boats.'

'I can't go out of this room.'

'Well, I'll tell the girls—' She ran away so quickly that Bertie could not hear the rest she said.

He settled himself back in his seat, wondering how he could get through the long afternoon. How dismal it was to be all alone. Tears came again, but he wiped them away quickly as he again heard the cheery voice at the door.

'I'm back. Shall I read to you, or can you paste pictures?'

'Oh, Elsie! Aren't you going with the girls?'

'No, I'm going to stay with you. Once I had to stay alone when I was sick and I know what it is.'

It was so good to have her that he found himself able to paste pictures. Then she read to him till he fell asleep.

Don't you think Elsie's way was the best? She might have told her cousin, as James did, that it was his own fault and then gone off to enjoy herself. But instead, she gave up her play and gave herself to help her cousin. That is Christ's own way.—'Sunbeam.'

WATER-WINGS.

Pleasure and profit for all who live near the water. More popular than ever—made of stout cotton, can be carried in the pocket, yet with a moment's blowing up will support a very heavy person in the water, enabling them very quickly to learn to swim. If you can swim already, there's heaps of fun waiting for you in a pair of waterwings. Sell EIGHT COPIES of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 CENTS EACH, send us the money, and you get the wings at once. Write us for a package to-day.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Block, Montreal.
Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Robert's Visit.

Robert was very fond of his neighbor, Captain Somes. It seemed so wonderful that this man had been round the Horn—to the head of the Baltic Sea and to Spain and Australia; it was more wonderful that he had found his way back.

'But, Captain Somes,' Robert asked one day, 'the waves all look alike. How did you know whether to turn to the right or the left?'

'You come over to supper with me to-night and I will show you a little instrument that told me just which way to go,' said the captain; and his invitation filled Robert with importance for the remainder of the afternoon. When he was being washed and combed and made ready for the visit he began to have some misgivings, and to wish that his mother were going too. There would be no one to attend to his napkin—for he was only six years old, and he knew things were so apt to go wrong at table. He wished that the captain had brought the queer little instrument down to the wharf, where they could talk quite naturally about it. But it was too late to change the plans, for there was to be an early supper for him, so he could be back at bedtime.

'Now, remember, Robert,' his mother said, 'be sure to say 'Yes, I thank you,' and 'No, I thank you.'

Robert remembered this when he saw the table set in snowy linen and when the captain helped him into a great leather chair at the end of the long table. All went well until the maid passed some delicious tarts. 'Yes, you can eat some of these,' said the captain, 'can't you?'

Then Robert blundered. 'No, I thank you,' he said, and then he could have cried, for the maid took him at his word, and set them out of his reach. He looked down at his plate and turned very red.

The captain sat eating the tarts with a relish, and telling him funny stories all the while. Presently he said, 'Aren't you a little sorry you didn't have a tart?'

Robert choked, and answered hurriedly, 'Yes, I thank you.' At least this was true.

'Well, well,' said his friend, 'that is a mistake that is easily corrected,' and smiling a little, 'Kitty, you put the tarts right beside Robert's plate and let him help himself.'

Pleased at being right this time, Robert's spirits revived and he was soon talking and laughing in his old, happy way. He was not sure, however, that he really liked visiting until they were in the library, and there he saw the wonderful compass and heard the strange thing about the little finger always pointing in the north. It seemed a very small thing to be so much help in finding Australia.

When Robert's big brother called for him, he told the captain what a splendid visit he had had.

'You aren't sorry you came, then?'

'No, thank you,' said Robert.

'And you will come again?'

'Yes, I thank you,' said Robert, and then he went home, feeling that at this time he had surely used the right words in the right place.—'Child's Hour.'

The Child and the Clock.

Once upon a time there was a clock that stood upon the mantel in a little boy's mother's room, ticking merrily night and day, 'Tickety, tickety, tock.'

It told the little boy's father when to go to work, and it told the little boy's mother when to get dinnner, and sometimes talked to the little boy himself. 'Go to bed, sleepy-head,' that is what it seemed to say at bedtime; and in the morning it ticked out loud and clear, as if it were calling, 'Wake up, wake up, wake up.'

The little boy's mother always knew just what it meant by its tickety, tickety, tock, and, late one afternoon, when he was playing with his toys and the clock was ticking on the mantel, she said:

'Listen, little boy, the clock has something to tell you:

'Tickety, tickety, tock,' it is saying,
'Tickety, tock, it is time to stop playing,
Somebody's coming so loving and dear
You must be ready to welcome him here.'

Then the little boy jumped up in a hurry and put hobby-horse in the corner, and his pony lines on a hook in the closet, and his tin soldiers in a straight row on the cupboard shelf.

'Now I'm ready,' he said, but—

'Tickety, tickety, tock.

Time to tidy yourself, said the clock.'

'Oh,' said the little boy, when his mother told him this; but he stood very still while she washed his hands and his rosy face and combed his curls till they were smooth and shining.

'Now I'm ready,' he said; and—do you believe it?—the very next minute the door opened and in walked the boy's father.

'I knew you were coming,' said the little boy, 'and so did mother. The clock told us, and I have on my new blouse.'—'Kindergarten Review.'

A LONG HEAD.

One of the bright boys who sells the 'Canadian Pictorial' in Quebec recently said in paying for his last lot: 'I am sending the full proceeds of my sale, but I don't want any premium yet. I want to save up for Christmas.' So here he is in the summer vacation with his mind set on the things he wants to get—for himself or give away—when the Christmas season comes along. Good boy that! and he knows he can pile up his profits with us as safely as if he were banking his money. Then when he has sixty or eighty copies sold he can select a nice assortment of premiums. Two brothers we know have close on 200 copies to the good now for a good large premium by and by.

But there are plenty of nice premiums to be had for selling six or eight or ten copies of the 'Pictorial'—capital knives, waterwings sciesors, books, rubber stamps, etc., etc. If you are interested, drop us a card and let us tell you all about it and send you a package of 'Pictorials' to start on. The work is a pleasure and easy, the reward sure and generous.

The 'BACK TO MONTREAL' number will be a splendid seller.

Address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

SEPTEMBER

Canadian Pictorial

From first to last pages brightest and best of Canadian magazines. 3,000 inches of Photogravures. Finest Etchings. Best Paper. Appropriate Subjects.

BILL OF FARE:

BACK TO MONTREAL WEEK—Unfamiliar pictures of places and scenes that people have heard of but most people have not seen. These are hard to get, and well worth looking at.

THE FRONTISPIECE—The cover design shows the famous Bank of Montreal building, with Mount Royal as a majestic background. This picture was taken from the top of the towers of Notre Dame Church.

THE PHOTO CONTEST—This was one of our happiest means of getting the best in photography. For this number we get a dozen capital pictures. The results of the contest are also announced.

CANADIAN NURSES IN ENGLAND—Showing a wreath which they placed on the tomb of the late Queen Victoria by special permission of His Majesty.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY—Showing the Postmaster General inspecting an Ontario Route.

CANADIAN AIR FLYERS—Showing our aviators at the Petawawa Military Camp. Every loyal Canadian should be interested in their efforts.

THE GREAT FRENCH AVIATOR—Showing Mr. Bleriot as he is about to alight on the white cliffs of Dover.

'TAKING THE CURE'—This shows the King at 'Marienbad,' and a view of the famous watering place.

A ROYAL GROUP—The Czar with the Prince of Wales and his two sons. Anyone who has failed to recognize the likeness between the Czar and England's future king, should see this picture.

WELSH NATIONAL PAGEANT—Recently enacted at Cardiff. People came from all parts of the world to see this. Our group shows the national costume.

These are only some of the many good things—the literary part of the magazine is fully equal to the pictorial.

ONLY 10 CENTS A COPY

At your newsdealer's or direct from the publisher.

ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) will secure a year's subscription to this popular magazine in any part of the world

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO., - - 142 St. Peter St., Montreal

Temperance

Why it Healed.

A laboring man was brought to a hospital with a badly lacerated hand. An old cotton hook had gone entirely through the palm, carrying with it rust and dirt. As time passed on, the hand became very much swollen, turned back, and the surgeons feared that the hand would have to be amputated. As the hand became no worse, the surgeons delayed operating on it; and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely.

'Young man,' said the surgeon to the patient as the danger was passing away, 'do you use alcohol in any form?' 'No, sir.' 'Do you use tobacco?' 'No, sir.' With a wave of his hand and a nod of his head, the surgeon said: 'That is what has saved your hand.' Tissues degenerated by stimulants cannot resist the attack of accident and disease, as can tissues that are formed only of wholesome and nutritious food.—'Crusader Monthly.'

The Cripple of Connor's Lane.

Warwick Little-Falcon, author of 'Rammlie Readings,' in 'Everybody's Magazine.')

(Concluded.)

He had just come to the darkest and dirtiest part of the street when he lost his balance and toppled over, his head striking the ground with an ugly thud. Just at that moment a vehicle of some kind came dashing at full gallop down the street right in the line where the poor drunk man was lying.

The little child saw in a moment that her father would be run over, and threw herself right before the galloping horse, and uttered piercing heartrending shrieks. The driver saw the child in an instant and tugged madly at the reins to pull up the horse, but he only succeeded in stopping the horse when one of its heavy hoofs had crashed down on the child and broken one of her legs.

The drunken man crawled over in his stupor, and gathered the little girl up in his arms, and there the poor little thing lay, sobbing, when the crowd gathered round.

Under the guidance of a friendly policeman, the drunken man staggered forward to the hospital, bearing the uncomplaining child in his arms.

Well, that was the turning point of Alex. Peary's life. He was at the hospital every day until his little girl was sufficiently well to be let out, and in all the years that have followed since he has never stood in the inside of a public-house, and he has never tasted strong drink.

But the best part of the story is yet to tell. One day, in going my rounds, whom should I stumble against but Doctor Barr in Long Street.

'Why, Warwick,' said he, 'who would have anticipated the pleasure of meeting you here?'

'Well, I don't know,' I said; 'but I am as glad to see you as you are to see me.'

And thereupon he began to tell me about an awful operation he had just performed—breaking a leg and resetting it—the most difficult thing of the kind he had ever done. As he described the whole thing to me, the cripple girl of Connor's Lane was in my mind all the time. She was a beautiful child. What a splendid thing if the poor crooked limb could be made straight. I told the doctor the whole story. The child's leg had been healed for years, but she appeared to be a cripple for life.

'I soon enlisted his interest and sympathy, and we went off together to the lane to see the child. Doctor Barr made a careful examination of the fractured limb, and pronounced at once that it had never been rightly set. If it were broken again and rightly set, the little girl would be a cripple no longer; he was sure of that.

Thus it came about that I got the consent of the father, and the operation was successfully performed. I watched over Nellie for about fourteen weeks in the hospital, and when at last Doctor Barr let her out of his hands, her poor broken, crooked limb, with which she had suffered for years, was straight and well.

And now; well, Nellie is growing up, and there is a good boy, who is a Rechabite—and Nellie's father will need to watch or she will be slipping off; but I think he is so fond of his little girl that he will follow her wherever she goes.

* * * *

He who has no mind to trade with the devil should be so wise as to keep away from his shop.

Doing and Undoing.

A young man lay dying in a London hospital. The Chaplain stood beside his bed, and, seeing the look of trouble in his face, stooped over him, and said, kindly, 'Can I do anything for you?'

The young man looked up at him, with sad eyes, and answered, 'Can you undo?'

Dear friends, will you think of these words, and in all your doings remember—you can never undo?

Another death-bed scene: A young man was passing away from a world which has been made, not better (as it might have been), but worse, by the time he had spent in it. He said to those standing by his bed, 'Gather up my influence, and bury it with me!'

Remember, O remember, your influence can never be 'gathered up,' can never be 'buried with you.'—'The Visitor.'

What the Robins Told the Apple Blossoms.

(By Ida Buxton Cole.)

'How fragrant and pretty this old orchard is since we came,' said the Apple Blossoms, one morning, as they shook their petals in the warm sunshine.

'I wish you could live Blossoms always,' remarked Mrs. Robin, 'and then you could never cause any harm.'

'Any harm! Why, what harm do you mean?' inquired a proud Blossom, 'what so pure and sweet as we! What harm can we do?'

'But you are not always Blossoms,' ventured Mrs. Robin.

'So much the better for the world,' returned the Blossom, 'for when we go then come the tiny green apples which grow into ripe, rich fruit, a blessing to mankind.'

'That's very true,' replied Mrs. Robin.

'Then, Madam Robin,' said the proud Blossom, 'please explain your remarks about harm.'

Poor Mrs. Robin looked at her mate, then she cleared her throat, and in a low, sweet voice began: 'All apples are not blessings; some of them are taken to vile mills and made into a drink they call cider, and on the cider even little children become [illegible]n.'

'Let me whisper a story so low that the winds cannot carry it;' said Mr. Robin, 'this same Farmer Towne who owns you and all the others in the orchard, had a son who learned to like the cider; by-and-by, when he grew up he thought cider wasn't strong enough and he took drinks they keep in saloons, and he died a drunkard's death.'

'Oh, yes, oh, yes,' sobbed Mrs. Robin; 'I well remember it; one morning I heard him tell his mother he never would have been a drunkard but for the cider.'

'Oh, oh,' declared the Blossoms, 'we won't be used in that way.'

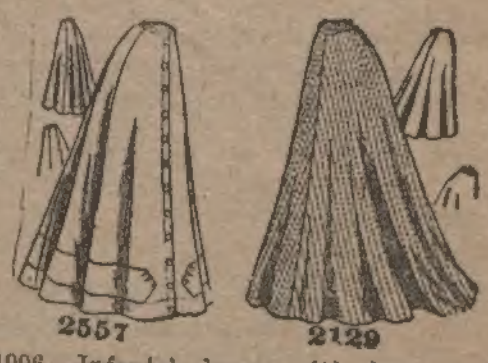
They were so excited about it that they shook many petals to the ground. A passing breeze carried the shower of petals right into the face of Farmer Towne, who was sitting under the tree and sleeping soundly, unnoticed by the Blossoms or their friends, the Robins. He sprang up, rubbed his eyes and looked the Blossoms in the face, while he said resolutely: 'No, no, you shall not be put to so vile a use.'

'I am proud of you,' said Mr. Robin to his wife, 'it's just like you, always doing good;' and then they hopped side by side on a branch and sang their loudest to tell the whole orchard of the farmer's decision.

'It was a dream, of course,' said Farmer Towne to his wife, 'but they seemed so like real voices that I answered them then and there, and I'll keep my word.'

..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.



1996.—Infants' dress, with long or elbow sleeves.—Any of the sheer white materials are the best for dresses of this style with trimmings of lace or embroidery. One size.

1788.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist, with long or three-quarter length sleeves.—A very neat model for every-day wear developed in lawn, handkerchief linen or batiste. Seven sizes, 32 to 44.

2557.—Ladies' six-gored skirt, closing with buttons down the front, and with an inverted box-plait at the back or in habit style.—Serge, mohair, Panama cloth or linen are all adaptable to this model.—Seven sizes, 22 to 34.

212 .—Ladies' circular skirt, with or without centre-front seam and in medium-sweep or round length.—For a separate skirt or as part of a suit, this is an excellent model for any of the season's suitings. Seven sizes, 22 to 34.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ....., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Having Things Handy.

There is a great difference among housekeepers, even the best, in being neat and orderly. Housekeeping is perhaps as much of a knack as an art, and though order and system are productive of good results in the main, all cannot conform to one and the same method, nor with the like results. One may be so hampered by circumstances as to render it impossible to perform much that she may desire to do.

Again, as much depends on the house to be kept, as on the housekeeper. Too many houses have ill-arranged rooms, and are nearly destitute of labor-saving conveniences, and the housewife finds her time and strength tasked to the utmost to do the necessary things, without any opportunity for the ornamental. It would be unreasonable to expect from a woman in these circumstances the same despatch, neatness and gratifying results that are attained by her more fortunately situated sister. There are many farmers' houses that do not have the conveniences that a living house ought to have. The poor

wives, overworked at the best, are thus forced to perform double labor. A little time and expense would go far toward removing the evil.

I know of one farm house where the water for the family use has to be brought from a well at least two rods from the door, and the only way of drawing it is by means of the old fashioned sweep. How many women's backs have been broken by this work through the centuries, I cannot tell, but certainly not a few. At another farm house the well is inside, but the water is drawn in a bucket by a rope and windlass. Think of a woman, tired and nervous by the ordinary routine of her domestic toil, and the care of two or three children, being obliged to procure water with these primitive arrangements. A good wooden or copper pump would cost but little, and the labor of securing water would be reduced from maximum to minimum.

One housewife that I know, the mother of a large family, whose husband employs a hired hand on the farm the year round, has never had a refrigerator. In the summer she is obliged to carry everything into the cellar, even her pastry. I visited at her house once over night, and I counted the number of times she went with dragging feet downstairs before breakfast—seven times. It made me tired to think of that poor woman toiling up and down those stairs day after day, effort as ceaseless and unnecessary as the fabled labor of Sisyphus and his ever rolling stone. What a godsend would a dumb waiter have been to her! And why could not her husband have purchased or made a good substantial refrigerator, and have done with it? The probability is that such an idea had never once entered the good man's head.

It is usually thoughtlessness and negligence on the part of the husband, more than any other reason, why these things are so. He has not neglected to provide himself with labor-saving tools on his farm, and his new barn is the pride of the neighborhood; but anything will do for his wife, so the house remains with unfinished interior, the water and the wood are kept out of doors and a hundred little inconveniences are allowed to continue that might, if remedied, have saved a great deal of time, labor and possibly temper.

Odd hours and rainy days could be profitably turned to account in the alleviation of these household discomforts. There is commonly an interval in winter between fall and spring work on the farm, when the farmer has less to do than usual, and the time could well be utilized in making improvements about the house. Whatever serves to concentrate work saves steps and lessens labor.

The farmer has been accustomed, probably, to spend the greater part of these leisure days and evenings in reading and in social intercourse with his neighbors. This is all well; it is his duty to keep informed, and he should take needful rest and not neglect the amenities of life. But some of the odd hours may profitably be given to improvements about the house. Not only farmers, but the majority of husbands, if they will look about the home, will find a 'labor of love' of this sort waiting their hands.

One cannot estimate the difference it makes in a woman's work in having things handy until it has been tried, and a busy housewife can best appreciate anything tending in that direction. Things should be handy not only in the kitchen, but in the back kitchen, the cellar and the sitting room. Every housekeeper should be provided with all the modern appliances—the best range, the best carpet sweeper, refrigerator and cooking utensils. These things belong to her of right, and it is as important that she should have them as that men should have the best cultivator and the best reaper. It may cost a little more in the beginning, but in the end it will be money in the pocket. And it is the husband's duty to see that things are handy.

Husbands, I beseech of you, do not forget your homes. The life of a housekeeper is onerous at best; make it as easy as you can for the wife of your bosom. By showing a tender thoughtfulness for his wife's welfare, her comfort and happiness, by striving in all possible ways to lighten her burdens and secure for her seasons of rest, that she be not of that large class of wives and mothers who grow worn and old before their time, nor broken-hearted, nor yet of those who early lie down at rest under the green grass, a husband may prove that his heart has not grown cold nor careless of that solemn promise to 'love and cherish,' which once seemed so sweet and full of blessedness.—New York 'Observer.'

ORIENT TRAVEL LEAGUE FOR BIBLE STUDENTS & TEACHERS

Organized by Dr. John Bancroft Devins Editor N.Y. "Observer"

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

CRUISE of the ARABIC

To Madeira, Spain, Mediterranean, Holy Land and Egypt.

SAILING JANUARY 20, 1910

UNDER DIRECTION AND MANAGEMENT OF

WHITE STAR LINE

73 Days of care free travel all expense included for only $400 and upward

Address WHITE STAR LINE, 118 Notre Dame street W., Montreal, Can.

Antidotes for Quarrelling.

A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over, and the quarrel is ended.

Better to suffer without cause than to have cause for suffering.

It costs more to resent injuries than to bear them.

In a hundred ells of contention there is not one of love.

To cast oil on the fire will not put it out.

Go not to law for the wagging of a straw.

When one will not, two cannot quarrel.

An enemy gained is a friend won.

A victory over temper is a victory indeed.

Prayer for one's self helps one to think charitably of others.

There would be no quarrelling if we loved our neighbors as ourselves.

He that loveth God will love his brother also.—Selected.

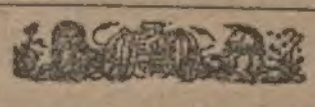
GOING TO BE ANYBODY?

Are you planning to be a doctor, dentist druggist, clergyman, lawyer, bookkeeper, stenographer, teacher, business man — are you planning to be anything? Then a better education will help you. We can help you to get it at home. Write and tell us about your standing and what you would like to do. Our advice and information will not cost you anything. **Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. M., Toronto, Canada.**

WOMAN'S FALL SUITS FROM $7.50 to $15.00

Your own cloth also made up. Send for free sample cloths and styles.

SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO. London, Ont.



Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

When writing to advertisers please mention the "Northern Messenger."

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE STANDARD ARTICLES

It is to the advantage of every housekeeper in Canada to use them

Magic Baking Powder.
Gillett's Perfumed Lye.
Imperial Baking Powder.
Gillett's Cream Tartar.
Royal Yeast Cakes.
Gillett's Mammoth Blue.
Magic Baking Soda.
Gillett's Washing Crystal.

MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS

(Established 1852)

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

(Strictly in Advance.)

Single Copies	$ .40 a year
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20

Six months trial at half the above rate.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and Suburbs excepted) Newfoundland and the British Isles also for Bahamas, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Guiana, British Honduras, British North Borneo, Ceylon, Cyprus, Falkland Islands, Fiji, Gambia Gibraltar, Hongkong Jamaica, Leeward Islands, Malta Mauritius, New Zealand, Northern Nigeria Sarawak Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Southern Nigeria, Transvaal, Trinidad Tobago, Turk's Island and Zanzibar.

U. S. Postage 10c extra to the United States, Alaska, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands except in clubs, to one address, when each copy will be fifteen cents extra postage per annum.

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

A SPLENDID GROUP—TRY IT!

TRY ONE—TRY ALL!

The **'Witness'** For over sixty years unrivalled in the confidence of the Canadian public. Latest news, market reports, etc., financial and literary reviews, good stories, home and boys pages, queries, etc., etc. Valuable departments devoted to farming interests. A clean, commercial, agricultural and home newspaper. (Send for a sample.)

'Daily Witness,' $3.00 a year.

'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' $1.00 a year.

(Foreign postage extra.)

'World Wide' A weekly reprint of the best things in the world's great journals. Reflects the thought of the times. Best cartoons of the week. The busy man's paper. Nothing like it anywhere for the money. Send for a sample. $1.50 a year to all parts of the world.

'Canadian Pictorial' Canada's popular illustrated monthly. High grade paper, high grade pictures. Interesting to young and old alike. Many of its full page pictures suitable for framing. $1.00 a year to all parts of the world.

The **'Northern Messenger'** speaks for itself. A favorite for over forty years, and increasingly popular. A potent influence for good.—Subscription rates above.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Publishers of 'Witness,' 'World Wide,' and 'Northern Messenger,' agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

A Handsome Waltham Watch for $7.95

If you know of any better opportunity to buy a watch than this one we sincerely advise you to take it. But really we don't believe there is another chance like it or to equal it.

This store specializes on Waltham Watches. We sell hundreds of them every year. We believe in Walthams. A customer ordering a watch by mail from a reputable store knows exactly what to expect if it's a Waltham.

We have 500 all told—15-jewelled Waltham Watch—ladies' and gentlemen's. The cases are gold filled, made by the American Watch Case Company. A written guarantee from this store accompanies each watch.

Order at once--write to-day. We'll sell these watches while they last--ladies' and gentlemen's--at $7.95.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO.